

Manners - Steve Harrington x Reader (smut) by Dingus_Detector

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Summary:

After teasing Steve all day he starts to act like a brat when you won't pay attention to him, so you decide to give him a lesson in manners.

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Author's Note:

If there are any tags/TWs you feel I should add to this fic please let me know, I will try to update as soon as I see any request for an additional tag !

You had been teasing Steve all day. Every chance you got you found a way to start touching him, only to pull yourself away at the last moment. Straddling his hips to reach for the TV remote, pressing him up against the kitchen counter to open a cupboard by his head, running your hand up his thigh then leaving the room to attend to some mundane task. By nightfall he's following you around the house, coming up behind you and kissing your neck to try and get your attention; you ignore him, doing your best to hide a smug grin as you shrug him off. A little while later you walk into the living room to find him sitting on the couch with his arms crossed, a dramatic pout on his face. He huffs loudly and turns his head away from you. You walk over and crouch down in front of him.

"Hmph!" he grunts.

You laugh softly, "What's wrong with you?"

He turns to face you, "You won't pay attention to me!"

"Oh, I see, not getting what you want, so you've gone in a huff?"

Steve nods.

"Well," you say, standing up and looming over him, "this is no way to get what you want. Maybe I should just leave you here for a bit to think about how you've behaved."

"Nooooooo!" He whines, pawing at your hand as you turn to leave.

"No? Well then, maybe I need to teach you a little lesson about manners."

Steve's face softens a little and, trying his best to maintain his pout,

he nods eagerly. You squeeze his hand and guide him upstairs to the bedroom. When you reach the bedroom door you both stop instinctively in the hallway. Turning to face each other you lock eyes and have one final check of safe words and safety signals, Steve takes your arm and demonstrates two tight squeezes for stop, and two firm taps for keep going. You take him by the hand again and he smiles at you,

“I’m ready.”

Steve’s lips are pressed hard into yours with such intensity that you need to push him away from you to get his shirt off, you barely manage to tug it away from his arms before he draws you back into his chest and starts kissing you again. You can feel his heartbeat pounding hard against his skin, and with each touch of your hands on his body he takes in sharp, desperate breaths. You undo his jeans and slide them down, the second they hit the floor you feel his hips press up against yours. Placing a hand on the small of your back he positions you so that the tip of his cock is pressed up against you, gently dry humping you through his boxers. He starts to press kisses along your cheek, then down your neck and onto your shoulders.

“I’ve been waiting for this all day.” He mumbles.

You laugh smugly and, pressing both hands firmly into his chest, push him backward onto the bed. You stand over him, unbuttoning your jeans and throwing them to the floor. Steve watches you intently, simultaneously fumbling with his underwear trying to get them off as quickly as possible. You climb up next to him and place your knee in the centre of his chest, pinning him to the mattress,

“You’ll be waiting a while yet, Harrington, don’t think I’m going to make this easy. You cum when I say, understand?”

He smirks, “Do your worst.”

You whip his boxers off and fling them to the floor. Taking his cock in your hand you begin stroking it; not expecting this sudden force Steve gasps and grips the bedsheets tightly.

“F-fuck!”

Cycling through varying pressures you continue to slide your hand over his shaft, using your free hand to trace delicate lines over his hips and down onto his thighs. Every now and then you pass over a certain spot that makes Steve’s whole body quiver, and linger there for a moment. Keeping a firm grasp of his dick you swing one leg over his knees and straddle him, leaning down slowly you playfully run your tongue over your lips. Feeling his body tense under you, you move in close and run your tongue over his balls. Steve lets out a heavy moan and thumps his fist against the bed. Letting your hand slip down to the base of his cock, you slide your mouth over the head and begin sucking. Moving your head in tandem with your hand, but in opposing directions so that with each stroke they meet in the middle, you can feel Steve’s knees starting to shake.

“I th- hnnngh.... I thought you weren’t going to make this easy.” He teased, though his voice was wobbling.

Moving your hand out of the way you thrust your head forward, the tip of Steve’s cock nearly hitting the back of your throat. His hands reach into your hair and grip tightly as his dick starts to twitch. As his entire body starts to tense and quiver you bat his hands away and lift your head. He lets out a distressed yelp as he feels your mouth slip away from him, staring up at you wide-eyed in disbelief.

“You didn’t fall for that did you?” You ask in a mocking tone, crawling up the bed and propping yourself up against the pillows, “I’m far from done with you, Harrington.”

Steve rolls onto his front and crawls up towards you. You let yourself slide down underneath him and he drops his hips into yours. He begins to rub the tip of his cock into your clit, tugging desperately at the waistband of your underwear. Moving your hand up the back of his neck you pull him into you and kiss him hard. As you kiss you

feel his rogue hand make its way down between your thighs, pushing your underwear to the side. Before he gets the chance to touch you, you raise your hand and bring it down with a firm smack on his ass cheek, then shift your weight to push him off you.

“Did I say you could touch?”

A cocky grin spreads across Steve’s face, “Is that all you’ve got?”

He’s on all fours staring down at you; as quickly as you can you get into your knees and move around behind him. Taking a deep breath, you lift your hand and bring it down again, harder this time. Steve flinches a little but manages to muffle any noise, other than a little laugh which he follows up by peering over his shoulder at you and muttering,

“I really thought you could do better than this, you ought to try a little harder.”

You reach over and grab a hold of his hair, tugging hard and forcing his head back. You lean in close to his ear and reach underneath him with your other hand, slowly starting to stroke his shaft again.

“Was that an order Harrington? You really do need to be taught some manners.”

You roll him onto his back and stand up on the bed so that your feet are planted on either side of his hips. You slip your underwear off and drop down onto his chest, grinding your hips to let him feel how wet you are. Dragging your hand up your thigh you reach your clit and start making little circles with your middle finger. Steve’s arms are clamped tightly between your legs and his torso. Humping his chest, you let out a few little performative groans.

“Do you feel that, Steve? How wet I am? Wouldn’t you just love to touch it?” You bend over and lean in close to his face, “Wouldn’t you just love to taste it?”

You reach one arm around behind you and once again start stroking Steve’s dick. You can feel his arms straining against your legs but you tense and hold him still. Your fingers rubbing into your clit feel

incredible and you can see Steve craning his neck to try and get a better look at what you're doing to yourself.

"If you want something stronger, I guess I'll have to give it to you." You start to pump your hand faster and you feel Steve twitching against your fingertips. "Seems that's the only way you're going to learn."

Drawing him to the edge for the second time you let go once again, grinning as he lets out a sharp exhale of breath. You move off him and instruct him to roll over onto his stomach.

Opening the drawer in the bedside table to rummage through its contents for a moment, then pull out your new toy. A smooth black rod with a thick leather handle, leading up to a neat, rectangular, pleather keeper. Standing by the side of the bed, you place the crop between Steve's shoulders and let it glide gently down the length of his spine. The room is perfectly still as Steve holds his breath, preparing for the first impact. Reaching the base of his spine you trace a few little circles on his hip, then flick your wrist, bringing the keeper down with a swift movement. Steve flinches and lets out a sudden gasp. Letting the tip of the crop run up and down his skin you find another spot, about halfway up his back and give another thwack. Steve grunts and grips the pillow, burying his face into it with a grimace.

"How's that?" You ask. You keep your voice firm, but don't make another movement until you see a nod from Steve.

Sliding down to the ass cheek you had smacked earlier you bring the keeper down hard against the soft skin, Steve tenses, then squeals as you strike a second time in the same spot. With each hit you drag out the process more and more, savouring each moment before the loud thwack and the intake of breath through Steve's teeth. His back and buttocks are littered with hot red marks. When you finally think he can't take much more you place your knee on the bed and slide it under his chest, forcing him onto his back. You place the tip of the

crop in the middle of his chest and begin to slide it downwards, at an agonizing pace. Dragging it down the entire length of his torso you eventually come to a stop with the keeper pressed firmly against his balls.

“So, do you think you can behave now?” Steve nods obediently. “Tell me what you want then.”

“Fuck me.”

You smack the crop hard against the inside of his thigh – a clear warning shot – and bring it back to rest on his balls. Steve winces and bites down hard on his lip, holding in a yell.

“You have to ask nicely.”

“Please!” He shouts. “Please, fuck me. I’m begging you. I need you to fuck me!”

You flash him an approving smile and fling the crop to the floor.

Straddling his hips, you gently lower yourself onto Steve’s cock, sliding playfully back and forth over the tip before dropping onto him completely. Planting your knees, you start to grind against him, and he groans. You let yourself tense around him and start to bounce slightly. Grabbing a firm hold of your hips he begins rocking his hips up into you. Breathing heavily, he matches your rhythm, rolling his hips up into you each time you bounce. You’ve teased him so much already it doesn’t take long before you start to feeling his body tensing. You bring your fingers back to your clit and start carefully rubbing again. His eyes lower and catch sight of you, you hear a groan catch in his throat. Steve throws his head back into the pillow, gritting his teeth. You feel his cock starting to swell inside you, his hands grab tightly onto your thighs and his fingers dig into you as you feel him cum. His head drops in relief, but only for a moment before he stares up at you, mouth hanging open, shocked to realise you aren’t stopping.

“I’m not done with you yet Harrington, you’ve got to make me cum before we can stop, understand?”

Steve winces, giving a slight nod and screwing his eyes shut as he is overcome by the sensations. You start to bounce faster, using your fingers to hammer against your clit.

“I’m so close...” you murmur, out of breath, hot flashes racing down your thighs, “You’re doing so well, I’m nearly there.”

You keep going, grinding hard against him, your fingers moving quicker making your knees feel weak. Steve is digging his nails into you and scratching down the outside of your legs. Your entire body starts to tense and twitch as you feel your clit start to quiver. Letting out one final loud moan you catch yourself on with both hands on Steve’s chest as you nearly fall forward with the force of your orgasm. Carefully sliding yourself forward you climb off him, and flop down on the bed by his side.

It takes you a second to catch your breath. You roll over and reach an arm out to wrap it around Steve. He flinches slightly and you pull your hand away.

“Are you okay?” You ask, softly.

“Yeah... good just...” Steve is still out of breath, body shaking slightly, “I’m fine I just need a second to... by myself... I just feel-”

“Overwhelmed?” You interject. Steve laughs weakly and nods. “Okay, I’m going to get in the shower then if that’s okay with you, give you some space.”

You get up and fetch a glass of water for Steve and place it on the bedside table next to him. You pick up the crop and slide it back into the drawer, closing it over. Stepping into the bathroom you stand in the doorway for a second and watch Steve. He is lying perfectly still on his back, his breathing now starting to even out.

“I’ll leave this open, okay? If you need me just shout.”

The cool water in the shower feels incredible. You hadn’t quite realised how hot it had been in the bedroom until now. You take your time washing yourself off, wanting to be sure you give Steve the space he needs. You gently massage the arm you had been using to whip him, noticing now that it ached a little. You are just finishing off your shower, squeezing the last of the water out of your hair, when you hear the curtain move behind you. You turn and find Steve standing by your side.

“How are you feeling?”

“Good, thanks. Sorry about all that, I don’t know what came over me I just... I don’t know I just needed to be by myself for a bit.”

You cup his face gently in your hands, “Please don’t be sorry, Steve, there’s nothing to be sorry for. You did so well. It’s okay to need space, especially after something like that.” You give him a little kiss on the forehead and he smiles at you. The way his eyes are sparkling in the soft light makes your stomach flutter. “Did you enjoy it?”

“Really enjoyed it.” He says, lifting his hands so he is cupping your face too, “Thank you.”

He pulls you in close you him and wraps his hands around your shoulders, you put your arms around his waist and squeeze him tightly. For a little while you stand in silence under the running water just holding each other. You can feel Steve’s hand gently stroking the back of your hair. When he finally pulls away from you, he rubs his eyes sleepily and yawns. Handing you the shower gel he smiles and signals down at his body, without a word you pour a little soap into your hands and begin to rub it carefully into his skin. Running his hands over his body gently you help him to wash all over. Once he’s rinsed off you look up at him and indicate to his hair. He pouts, playfully, and shakes his head.

The two of you stand side by side at the sink brushing your teeth. Every now and then you run a reassuring hand over Steve's back. Once he's dried off you throw his towel over the toilet lid and invite him to sit down. Taking a tube of aloe, you rub the cool, soothing gel over the angry red patches on his back. After each one you place a delicate kiss on the sore spot, and Steve hums contentedly. As you head back into the bedroom Steve climbs sleepily back into bed. You open the window slightly, letting the cool night air spill into the room. Pulling the thin sheet out from under Steve's dead weight you drape it over him. As you climb in beside him you hear soft snores as he drifts off almost immediately. You tuck yourself in behind him and place an arm over his chest, holding him close to you. As he snores you pepper delicate kisses over the back of his shoulders. With Steve resting safely in your arms, the sweet smell of his hairspray drifting over you, you melt into the pillow and fall asleep.